The only thing I had ever seen in a crystal ball was a winter scene with falling snow when the ball was inverted. I didn't want to let Harry down, but as the deadline for going to press drew near, and not a word yet on paper, I had to admit I was failing my friend.

I went to bed that night with these thoughts rattling through my mind. "I let Harry down." "I don't know how to write a story." "Where do I start." "I can't, I Can't." Finally I slipped off into a restless, fitful sleep, and started to dream.

I found myself dressed in a multi-colored skirt, a silk scarf on my head with a large ruby in the middle of my forehead. Instead of a crystal ball in front of me I noticed the table was covered with the most fantastic hibiscus I had ever seen. The colors, shapes and sizes of these hibiscus were, indeed, a hybridizers dream.

There was an Irish green single with a canary yellow border. A mid-night black double with a white ruffled edge. A royal blue single with large white splotches on each petal was the size of a dinner plate. Numerous others in startling sizes and hues danced about the edges of the table.

But the one that really held my attention was a large double the size of a football. Its color was so strong and flourescent that it almost blinded me. It was still partly closed, and I just couldn't resist the temptation to pick it up and help it open so I could see the full beauty.

As I started to spread the petals I was startled to see them quiver violently. The stigma pads began to fibrate as they let out a shrill wolf whistle. I thought my ear drums would burst. My excitement was impossible to control.

For the first time I realized that there were two

(Turn the page please)

women sitting next to me at the table. I tried to see who they were but their faces were blurred. I asked the lady on my left to tell me whose seedlings they were so that I could beg for a piece of graftwood. Her voice sounded faint and far away but I heard her say that they belonged to the other lady who was her next door neighbor. I turned to her friend and begged her for a piece of graftwood from her amazing seedling.

I told her of the possibilities in using the pollen of such a hibiscus. If a hibiscus can whistle, the next step is to talk. Think of the horticultural secrets a talking hibiscus could reveal. I could see that I had stirred her imagination. She told me to come to her home and she would be glad to let me have all the wood I wanted.

As this generous person started to give me her home address, the hibiscus I was holding loosed another wolf whistle so loud that I couldn't hear her voice. I tried to shut it up by squeezing as hard as I could, but to no avail.

The sound made me dizzy and my surroundings started to fade away. I found myself standing by my bed. Instead of the whistling hibiscus I was holding the alarm clock trying frantically to stop its ringing. Alas, it had been nothing but a dream. But what a dream.

At breakfast, when I told my husband, I was prepared to have him laugh at me and tell me how silly I was. Instead he looked at me very seriously and said, "Honey, do me a favor? Go back to bed and find out that neighbors address. I'd like to have some of that hibiscus wood myself."

That really did it. Ladies, whoever you were in my dream, please write to let me know your address. You can reach me in care of Harry Goulding, Chairman, Hybridizing Committee, P. O. Box 1416, Punta Gorda, Florida.

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